A Pretty Good Sentence.

One of the greatest banes of a student's life is that he is obliged to write compositions, says The New Haven Morning News. It is something looked upon as extra work, and is usually left until the last minute. Then the student hurriedly collects the necessary data, and in writing is very apt to introduce sentences from the encyclopedia.

Unfortunately it happens that one of the professors of English at Yale has written numerous articles for the encyclopedias. A few days ago this professor was reading over a composition with its author when he came across a particularly finely constructed sentence.

"That's a pretty good sentence," remarked the professor.

"Yes, I prided myself on that," replied the student.

"So did I when I wrote it," added the professor, to the great discomfiture of the pupil

A Failure.

"NO MORE HORSE STEALIN' FOR HIM."

"NOW, SONNY, THREE MINUTES TER SAY YER PRAYERS."

"NOW, BOYS, ALL TOGETHER!"

HE HAD TRAVELED WITH BARNUM AS THE "SERPENT NECKED WONDER."

—Life.

Reaction.

Though young Jones was well and hearty he would ne'er attend a party,
For he said that social pleasure made him weary, weak and sore;
Not a whit cared he for dancing, or a maiden all entrancing.
What to others proved a treasure simply was to him a bore.

He found little consolation in the art of conversation,
And all nature's wondrous beauty from his careless eyes was hid;
Music, painting could not please him, and high art would only tease him,
So, as if from sense of duty, he became an invalid

But I found one great attraction that would rouse him into action
(He'd declare he was not sickly, such new strength upon him came).
When with every indication that he'd reach his destination,
He would walk a mile so quickly, just to join a poker game.

—Drake's Magazine

A Kindergarten Series.

"Now, children," after reading the old story of Washington's exploit with his hatchet, "write me all you can remember of that pretty story I have just read to you."

THE RESULT.

Slate I. (Teddy, 8 years old)—Georg Washinton is our father did he tell a lie no he never did he did it with is hachit.

Slate II. (Ethel, 7)—georg washinton was the father of is contre hes father sed did you do it he sed i wud not lie i did it with mi Hathit and then he busted is teers.

Slate III. (Georgie, 9)—George Washington is the father of our country and he did it with his hatchit and he said father I did it did the boy deny it o no did he try to put it on some other feller No He did not tell no lie he bust into tears.—Life.

A Fatal Mistake.

Bliffers—What's wrong today, Bluffers. You look blue.

Bluffers—I'll never forgive myself. I kicked a caller out of my house last night.

"Huh! I've kicked out many a one. Young fellow, I suppose?"

"No; past middle age."

"Well, these old codgers have no business to be coming around sparking young girls. I kicked out one of that sort last week."

"Yes; but I've found out this man wasn't courting my daughter. He was after my mother-in-law."—Philadelphia Record.

Lived in a Boarding House.

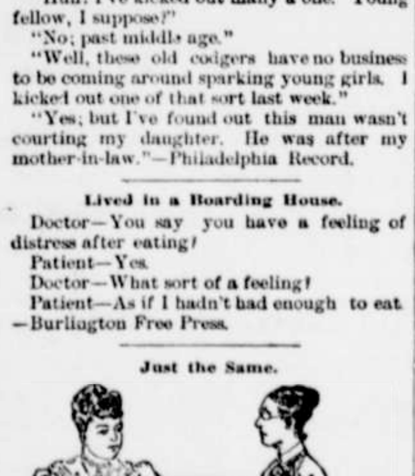
Doctor—You say you have a feeling of distress after eating?

Patient—Yes.

Doctor—What sort of a feeling?

Patient—As if I hadn't had enough to eat.—Burlington Free Press.

Just the Same.



Miss Beacon (of Boston)—You western girls are dreadfully slangy. Do you know, I heard a Chicago girl say the other day that she would "get there with both feet."

Miss Dearborn—Yes; we are somewhat given to that sort of thing. Is it true that Boston girls are—ah—as deficient of beauty as they are said to be?

Miss Beacon—We may not be handsome; but in the matter of culture we arrive at our destination with both of our pedal extremities.—America.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

An elephant in the funeral procession to a recent Hindoo cremation wore a silver collar worth $25,000.

A citizen of Blossburg, Pa., owns nine dogs, seven cats, a monkey, eight canary birds and two white mice. It is unnecessary to say he is poor.

A girl in Manchester, England, telephoned to her father's office asking if her dog was there. Curley was there, and his mistress asked the man to hold him up to the telephone. She whistled and spoke and told him to come home. Curley pricked up his ears, and as soon as he was placed on the floor started for home.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

A Western Editor with a Great Many Things to Live For.

The last issue of the Arizona Kicker contained the following:

EXPLANATORY.—The absence of our society column for the last three issues seems to call for an explanation. The trouble was jealousy among the bon ton. If we happened to make a five-line announcement that Mrs. Colonel Dash expected her brother-in-law direct from the California penitentiary on a certain date, and only a four-line item to the effect that Mrs. Judge De Soto, imported her bustle direct from Zansibar, there was an ill-feeling which stirred up the entire community.

WE BOOM.—While the towns about us have been bragging of their progress, we have kept quiet and got in our work without kicking up any cloud of dust. Brag is all right in its way, but we don't propose to come out with a double-leaded, scare-head article every time a citizen hangs a new front gate. Booms are good enough in their way, but there must be merit behind them. With no disposition to claim this as the only growing town in Arizona, and with no desire to kill the growth of rival towns, we humbly call attention to the fact that since January 1st fourteen new saloons, three poker rooms and four retail tobacco stores have been opened in the place, and at the present moment eighteen men are engaged in building a jail capable of accommodating thirty prisoners. We have done all this without any brag or bluster, and we propose to keep right on in the same quiet fashion, leaving the outside world to judge for itself as to where it shall seek new homes and invest its capital.

IT PAYS.—Several months ago we established a grocery and feed store in connection with the Kicker. The New York World, Herald, and other effete dailies of the metropolis predicted a dismal failure, but the result shows they were mistaken. We figured that this other business would be just what we needed to distract our mind from the harrassing thoughts of editorially running this country, and that we would be all the better and brighter for being occasionally interrupted in our literary labors. The result has justified our predictions—and more. We were never in as good mental condition as now, while our sales have kept increasing week by week until we have been compelled to hire a clerk to assist us. The editorial entitled "Advice to the President" was written with more than a dozen interruptions to measure corn, draw molasses and sell clothes-pins, and yet we will put it against anything which ever originated from the pen of the stuck-up and exclusive New York editors.

OUR JEALOUS CONTEMPORARY.—The dyspeptic old excrescence who claims to edit the milk-and-mush publication down at the corner of Catfish alley is jealous of our advertising patronage. In a labored article this week in his poorly printed old apology he says that we practice bulldozing to bring advertising. What a liar! The Kicker practice *bull-dozing!* The idea is laughable, and if he was worth minding we would walk down to his shanty and choke the assertion down his brazen throat. There used to be several firms here which didn't believe in advertising. We couldn't make 'em believe in it until we went at it and found out that they were composed of gentlemen who had skipped from the east for barn burning, horse stealing, bigamy, embezzlement, etc. Then we wrestled with 'em, and they came to see that the life of trade was in using printers' ink. We simply convinced—not bulldozed. The efforts of our knock-kneed contemporary to smirch the fair fame of The Kicker will simply call forth smiles of pity.—Detroit Free Press.

Building a House in Samoa.

The negotiations between the skilled and wily carpenter and the prospective Samoan house owner would amuse, but hardly meet the approval of, the business man of to-day. Under the propitiating influence of kava, the necessary presents are produced to induce the carpenter to undertake the construction of a house. It is begun at once, without any terms of agreement, and the work advances until the carpenter thinks more presents necessary, and he ceases work. Additional gifts being made, the carpenter continues the construction until he deems it necessary to demand another contribution, when he again stops work. If the contribution is not forthcoming, labor is suspended on the incompleted house, never to be undertaken for completion by another of the craft; and forever afterwards it remains unfinished and a public reproach to the good name of the unfortunate owner, who, at the time of its beginning, not knowing what may be the idea of the carpenter as to the cost of its construction, must either call upon the community for aid, which is generally freely extended, or suffer the humiliation of this unfinished monument.—Century.

—"I can give you gas if you are afraid the pain will be too great to endure," said a dentist to an elderly colored woman who had come to have several teeth extracted. "No, sah, no, sah!" she said, shaking her head emphatically; "you don't gib me no gas en hab me git up out'n dat cheer en walk home dead, no sir! I reads de newspapahs!"

—"Doctor, why didn't you kill that snipe? He came just right for you." "But, my dear fellow, he flew zig-zag, and I had no sooner fired zig than he was zag."—Fliegende Blatter.

—A difference between honorable and dishorable competition is the conduct of the victor to the vanquished. Some men rise above others only to crush them—others to lift and exalt them. Some boast with noisy triumph and scorn those who are left behind; others have "a way of making people feel comfortable." One artist who has risen high in public favor uses his influence to depreciate the works of his brother artists; another takes them by the hand and gives them courage for fresh endeavors.

NAPOLEON WITH A PIGTAIL.

Sing You Explains Some Mysteries of Modern Banking.

The flight of Sing You, the late esteemed cashier of See Son & Co., Chinese bankers in Chicago, with $15,000 belonging to depositors, excited all Chinadom. The news that Sing You had appeared in the boodlers' colony in Montreal excited Chinadom more. The receipt of the following letter yesterday by a brother Celestial in Mott street, this city, gave Chinadom a positive thrill.

MONTLEAL, FEBBELALY TWO TLEE.

To Wun Lung, Mott stleet, New Yorkee, from Sing You:

Whoopee! Me, alle samee Melican man, gettee on tlain, come Canada, cop no catchee, keepee cash, gettee dlunk, singee song, laise hellee, allee samee boodlees, all samee Eno, alle samee Mandelbaum, alle samee Plado (Peek-a-Boo synopsee, plagee 3), no comee back allee samee Henly Ives, heap foolee.

You tellee me you no sabbee makee money. Me tellee you. You catchee place in bankee, allee samee plesident, keepee books, keepee cash, pay intlest. Heap fine bankee, heap fine safee, heap big sign. Plenty heap Chinaman, he come.

Hop Ah Kin, he come, he say: "Mistah Bankee Plesident, me catchee some money washy-washy, maybe tlee hundled dollah. You keepee him foh me?"

You say him. "Allee light, me keepee him." You takee money. You givee leceipt.

Wing Choo, he come, he say: "Mistah Bakee Plesident, me catchee lilly money."

You say him: "How you gettum?"

He say: "Me catchee butts in guttee, make heap fine cigalettes."

You say him: "How muchee money you gottee?"

He say you: "Mee gottee sebbenty dollah."

You say him: "Allee light, me sock him in safee, pay you intlest."

Meen Fun, he come, he say you: "Mistah Blankah, me have heap fat wad, you keepee him foh me?"

You say him: "How fat?"

He say you: "Wad belly fat—more steen hundled dollah."

You say him: "Me plenty keepee him in safee, heap pay intlest, you go catchee some more."

Allee Chinaman they come, puttee wad, puttee boodle, puttee spondulix in safee. You catchee bimeby more fifty tousand dollah, makee you heap glad. Bimeby Chinaman he come, he say: "Maybe you give me wad, me go back China." You say him: "Allee 'ightee; comes tomollah, fo' clockee." Notha' Chinaman he comee, he sayee: "Plaps you payee me my boodle, me go San Flancisco." You say him: "Allee light; fo' clockee tomollah." Notha' Chinaman, he come, he say: "Me allee bloke up; must pay tlee hundled dollah; me wantee my scads." You say: "Allee lightee; come tomollah, fo' clockee." Notha' Chinaman he come, he say: "My blotha' he gettee allested; me wantee six hundled dollah go baillee." You say: "Allee light; fo' clockee tomollah." Allee Chinaman wantee money outee, none puttee money in. Allee samee you smile likee Henly Ives, you say: "Comee tomallah fo' clock." You closee door, pullee down blind, open safee, takee out money, puttee him in glippee sack, catchee tailload ticket foh expless foh Montleal, whoopee, dam sudden.

Fo' clock to-mollah he come, allee Chinaman comee bank. Bankee heap closed. Chinaman bustee in, bustee in safee, allee money heap gone. Chinaman lush down teleglaph office and teleglaph:

> NEW YORKEE, Feb. 20.
> To Wun Lung,
> Plesident Bankee,
> Montleal:
> You comee back heap quickee. Pay money.
> DEPLOSITORS.
> 7. Paid 50.

You leadee him. You smilee. You go teleglaph office, you teleglaph:

> MONTLEAL, Feblaly tootoo.
> To Deplositors Chinaman Bank,
> Mott stleet, New Yorkee:
> Lats!
> 1. Collect 50. WUN LUNG.

You go back hotellee, you smilee, you atchee fine dinnah, loast beefee, maccaloni, ied lice, lobins, lasbelly puddin. You eatee, eap, you smilee, you gettee dlunk allee time, allee same Melican man, whoop! heap fun—la-la!—New York World. SING YOU.

An Honest Woman.

"I see you are advertising fine creamery butter at thirty cents," said an old woman who entered a Michigan avenue grocery yesterday. "Is it butter or is it oleomargarine?"

"It's butter, madame, and the very best," said the grocer.

"Sure it ain't oleomargarine?"

"Perfectly so. I'll warrant it."

The woman turned to go, when the grocer asked:

"Won't you try a few pounds?"

"No, I don't want none. I want some oleomargarine."

"I have that, too," said the dealer, "put up in boxes and labeled."

"How much is that a pound?"

"Eighteen cents."

"That won't do. I want to pay just as much for it as butter is worth."

"You can do that if you want to; I ain't sayin' a word, am I?" said the man. "But why do you want to?"

"Well, you see, I've been givin' my boarders the best butter, an' they guy me an' call it oleo. I vow it's butter, an' they won't believe me. Now I want to get some oleo an' tell 'em what it is. They'll think I lie an' eat it for butter. But I don't want to make a cent out of it. I'm an honest woman."—Detroit Free Press.

Moral Logic.

Mrs. Society Crush—The idea of your cousin stealing so much money from the bank. I shall never speak to him again.

Mr. Society Crush—Great Scott! Why, your own brother did exactly the same thing.

Mrs. Society Crush—Yes, but he didn't mortify his relations by being caught!—New York World.

Dissatisfaction.

Father (who has rushed to the spot)—What's the matter?

Boy—Oh, dad, g-g-get me out of this!

Father (slowly)—Wall, if you ain't the hardest boy to please I ever see. Last summer I couldn't keep you out of this creek, and now yer cryin' because yer in.—Life.

The other afternoon two chiefs of the Chippewa Indians called on President Cleveland regarding matters affecting their tribe. Fleet Wolf and Hound-that-Bays are clean, clear eyed Indians who talk good English. They were perfectly at ease in the presence of the president. Fleet Wolf, in fact, offered Mr. Cleveland a chew of tobacco, which was declined in a dignified way. As they stood up to depart, Hound-that-Bays asked: "Won't you give us a drink?" Mr. Cleveland was astonished, but with great presence of mind opened a cabinet and taking out a decanter and three glasses drank with his guests to the toast of "Her's how," uttered by the two chiefs. The White House has since been overrun with Indians.

DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

Princess Louise, of Lorne, is just 40 years of age.

Miss Kate Field has arrived at Los Angeles, Cal., for a brief visit.

Queen Victoria travels as the Countess Balmoral, but her baggage is marked "Queen of England."

Mme. Carnot is said to look not more than "25." The empress of Austria "cannot be over 35," say impartial observers.

Miss Jennie Flood personally manages her snug fortune of $5,000,000. She does it so successfully and enjoys it so well that she is not likely soon to accept a partner in the responsibility.

A Tekonsha (Mich.) girl, who is only 6 years old, bangs off the most difficult piano music with neatness and dispatch, although she can't read a note. She is the marvel of the community.

Miss Phyllis Broughton, the English opera bouffe actress who is about to marry the heir of a wealthy English earldom, is described by the London newspapers as being a good, pure, womanly girl, without a breath of suspicion to tarnish her name.

Queen Victoria's favorite bedstead went astray for a few hours at Portsmouth while en route with its royal owner to Florence. It was delivered with other "properties" at the stage door of a theatre and then the "awful" mistake was discovered.

Mme. Tussaud has added to her collection of relics the camp bedstead on which the Duke of Wellington slept the night before Waterloo. It is a simple one of ropes and wood, and is barely six feet in length, with the merest pretense to a mattress.

The late Duke of Rutland had at Belvoir a "confession book," in which the Princess of Wales recorded that her favorite artist was Rubens, her favorite author Dickens, her favorite dish Yorkshire pudding, and her favorite ambition non-interference in other people's business.

An insane woman escaped from a Michigan asylum, and to prevent being captured she climbed a tree. All efforts to persuade her to descend failing, the tree was chopped down and eased to the ground by the attendants. Its burden was then seized and taken back to the hospital.

Anna Katherine Green, the author of the celebrated novel, "The Leavenworth Case," is living in a bright and comfortable home in Buffalo, where she is engaged in writing a new detective story. Her famous book has now reached a circulation of 200,000 copies and still finds a ready sale.

The queen of Sweden is having a high old time at Bournemouth, England. She rides daily on a small and gentle donkey, and is attended by two or three man servants carrying hot water. What the water is for no one has yet discovered, but, so long as the queen is happy, who cares?

Clara Louise Kellogg is said to be a mascot for men who bet on horse races. Men who depend on this diversion for their bread say that to shake hands with the prima donna is sure to bring luck. The Duke of Newcastle once took her fancy for a horse at Ascot and won $30,000.—Chicago Tribune.

Queen Olga, of Greece, is a beautiful woman, with a plump, well developed form, thick, handsome hair, and expressive eyes. She has sweet and charming manners. She is a fearless horsewoman, but is domestic withal, and is often seen at home spinning silk. She is devotedly loved by the Greek people.

The illustrious Mme. Alboni says that in all her career she never faced an audience without being scared half out of her wits. Even now, having long retired from the public stage, though with her voice still as perfect as ever, she says she cannot stand up to sing before a dozen friends in her own parlor without a fit of nervous trembling.

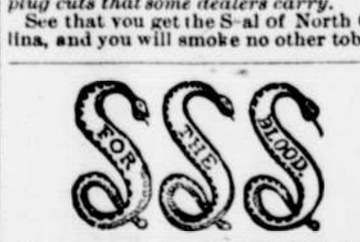
Women are beginning to appear on the list of applicants for patents in England. Among them were Louisa Lawrence, of London, for an invention of "improvements in letter and bill files;" Elizabeth Aspinwall, of Birkenhead, for a invention for "polishing and cleaning laundry irons and flat irons;" Florence King, of West Kensington Park, for an invention of "feeding spoons for infants and invalids."

Old Time Smokers

Who know a good thing when they see it, cannot be fooled by a poor imitation of the well-known "Seal of North Carolina" Plug Cut Tobacco.

Bear in mind that the genuine "Seal" costs you no more than the many trashy plug cuts that some dealers carry.

See that you get the Seal of North Carolina, and you will smoke no other tobacco.



Some years ago I was thrown from a horse in McLennan county, and received a frightful wound on one of my legs. For more than a year I was unable to walk. The wound ulcerated and refused to heal, and every one thought I would have to submit to amputation. S.S.S. was recommended, and I used it freely, and I shall never get through thanking S. S. S. for saving my leg, and restoring me to perfect health. GARLAND WILSON, Palestine, Texas, July, 24, '88.

Send for treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases; mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

The Celebrated French Cure,

Warranted to cure **"APHRODITINE"** or money refunded.

IS SOLD ON A POSITIVE GUARANTEE to cure any form of nervous disease, or any disorder of the generative organs of either sex whether arising from the excessive use of Stimulants, Tobacco or Opium or through youthful indiscretion, over indulgence, &c., such as Loss of Brain Power, Wakefulness, Bearing down Pains in the Back, Seminal Weakness, Hysteria, Nervous Prostration Nocturnal Emissions, Leucorrhœa, Dizziness, Weak Memory, Loss of Power and Impotency, which if neglected often lead to premature old age and insanity. Price $1.00 a box, 6 boxes for $5.00 Sent by mail on receipt of price.

A WRITTEN GUARANTEE for every $5.00 order, to refund the money if a **Permanent** cure is not effected. Thousands of testimonials from old and young, of both sexes, permanently cured by APHRODITINE. Circular free. Address

THE APHRO MEDICINE CO.

WESTERN BRANCH. BOX 27 PORTLAND, OR.

Sold by Streibig & Laue, Druggists, cor. Second and Washington Sts., Portland, Or.

$160 PER MONTH

And expenses to represent the

Pacific Land and Loan Co.

In this county. Best of references required. Apply at Home Office.

Food Building, San Francisco, Cal.

A coffee tree in the palm house in Kew is now bearing such a crop as, authorities say, has been rarely known in tropical countries either for quantity or quality.

In Mr. Gilbert's new theatre, London, instead of footlights there will be a row of electric lights lining the inside of the proscenium on both sides and across the top.

An old couple in Lichieres, after celebrating their golden wedding, took to quarreling, and the man finally threw his wife in the fire, killed her with a heart stab, and cut his own throat.

Love is the true price at which love is bought.

That Cantankerous Old Woman

Described in the nursery ballad, "who lived upon nothing but vituals and drink," and yet "would never be quiet," was undoubtedly troubled with chronic indigestion. Her victuals, like those of many other elderly persons whose digestive powers have become impaired, didn't agree with her. This was before the area of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, or some one of her numerous friends and relatives would undoubtedly have persuaded her to try the great specific for dyspepsia, constipation and billiousness. This would have been a measure of self-protection on their part, for she would soon have been cured and ceased to disturb them with her clamor. The most obstinate cases of indigestion, with its attendant heartburn, flatulence, constant uneasiness of the stomach and of the nerves, are completely overcome by this sovereign remedy. Chills and fever and billious remittent, rheumatism and kidney troubles are also relieved by it.

Speaking silence is better than senseless speech.

IT WAS JUST IN TIME.

G. C. Bartholomew, Kalkaska, Mich., says: "I located in this place five years ago, having formerly resided in Troy, N. Y. I have been a great sufferer from what the physicians of Troy called Bright's disease. I used Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y. All the terrible symptoms of the disease are gone. I have no traces of any disorder of the kidneys, liver or bladder. Who would begrudge the cost of this medicine (one dollar a bottle) for such a blessing or refuse this simple though sincere token of gratitude for being perfectly cured? I owe everything to Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and hope this will induce others to use the medicine who suffer from any kidney, liver or blood disorder."

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, made at Rondout, N. Y. $1; 6 for $5.

Send for book, how to cure Kidney, Liver and Blood disorders.

Turn your tongue seven times before speaking.

White Elephant of Siam, Lion of England, Dragon of China, Cross of Switzerland, Banner of Persia, Crescent of Egypt, Double Eagle of Russia, Star of Chili, The Circle of Japan, Harp of Erin.

To get these buy a box of the genuine DR. C. MCLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, price 25 cents, and mail us the outside wrapper with your address, plainly written, and 4 cents in stamps. We will then mail you the above list with an elegant package of oleographic and chromatic cards.

FLEMING BROS., PITTSBURG, PA.

It is the foolish aim of the atheist to scan infinitude with a microscope.

Many a child goes astray because home lacks sunshine.

A TWENTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

C. D. Fredericks, the well-known photographer, 770 Broadway, N. Y., says:

"I have been using ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS for 20 years and found them one of the best of family medicinis. Briefly summing up my experience, I say that when placed on the small of the back, ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS fill the body with nervous energy, and thus cure fatigue, brain exhaustion, debility and kidney difficulties. For women and children I have found them invaluable. They never irritate the skin or cause the slightest pain, but cure sore throat, coughs, colds, pains in side, back or chest, indigestion or bowel complaints."

Force of principle gives new power to the whole man.

"For seven long years I struggled away farming, running a mill, &c., until I was fortunately introduced to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., by my brother, and I went to work at once, and in *seven months* I had made more clear money than I had made in the seven years before. They took me right by the hand from the start and seemed to be very glad of the chance to show me how to do it." This is about what a young man said a year or so ago of the above mentioned firm. Since that time he has been steadily at work for them, and is now one of the happiest men in America. If you need employment, it would be a good thing for you to follow this young man's example.

No longer talk about the kind of a person a good man ought to be, but be such.

Our Girls.

Kitty is witty,
Nettie is pretty,
Lutie is cute and small;
Irene is a queen,
Annette is a pet,
Nell is the bell of the ball;
Diantha is wealthy,
Bertha is healthy,
And health is the best of all.

Perfect health keeps her rosy and radiant, beautiful and blooming, sensible and sweet. It is secured by wholesome habits and the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Bertha takes it, and she also "takes the cake." The only *guaranteed* cure for those distressing ailments peculiar to women. Satisfaction or your money returned.

For Constipation or Sick Headache, use Dr. Pierce's Pellets; Purely Vegetable. One a dose.

The Good Samaritan helps the unfortunate wayfarer without asking him how he intends to vote.

There has *never* been anything discovered that will equal Dobbins' Electric Soap for *all* household uses. It makes paint look like new, and clothes as *white as snow*. Our wash-woman says it is a *pleasure* to use it. Ask your grocer for it.

All the paths of life lead to the grave and the utmost that we can do is to avoid the short cuts.

For Throat Troubles and Coughs, use "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" They possess real merit.

The country is flooded with poor imitations of "Seal of North Carolina Plug Cut Smoking Tobacco."

Used by the United States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the Great Universities and Public Food Analysts as the Strongest, Purest and most Healthful. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime or Alum. Dr. Price's Delicious Flavoring Extracts, Vanilla, Lemon, Orange, Almond, Rose, etc, do not contain Poisonous Oils or Chemicals.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO., New York, Chicago, San Francisco.

THRESHING ENGINES.

WE ARE CLOSING OUT OUR STOCK

OF

THRESHING ENGINES,

AND

Are Offering First-Class New Engines at Half Price.

Write for Description and Prices.

H. P. GREGORY & CO.,

MACHINERY AND SUPPLIES,

26 & 28 N. First Street, Portland, Oregon.

THE ONLY Brilliant Durable Economical DYES

Are Diamond Dyes. They excel all others in Strength, Purity and Fastness. None others are just as good. Beware of imitations—they are made of cheap and inferior materials and give poor, weak, crocky colors.

36 colors, 10 cents each.

Send postal for Dye Book, Sample Card, directions for coloring Photos, making the finest Ink or Bluing (10 cts. a quart), etc. Sold by Druggists or by

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles, USE

DIAMOND PAINTS.

Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents.

Paine's CELERY COMPOUND

CURES	PROOFS
Neuralgia	"Paine's Celery Compound cured my nervous sick headaches." Mrs. L. A. BRENTNER, San Jacinto, Cal.
Nervous Prostration	"After using six bottles of Paine's Celery Compound, I am cured of rheumatism." SAMUEL HUTCHINSON, South Cornish, N. H
Rheumatism	
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